

WAR FRONT FURY BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

# G.I. COMBAT

A QUALITY  
COMIC  
FOR ALL AGES

10¢

NOVEMBER

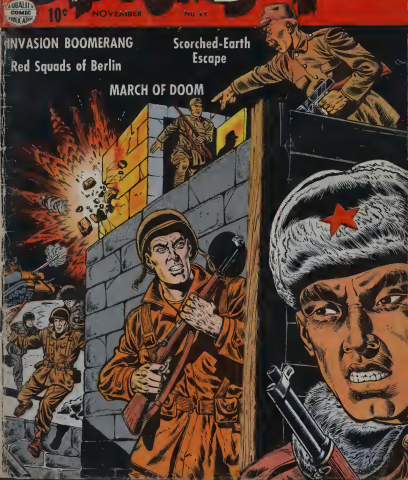
No. 47

INVASION BOOMERANG

Red Squads of Berlin

Scorched-Earth  
Escape

MARCH OF DOOM







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# Draw me...

## TRY FOR A \$375<sup>00</sup> SCHOLARSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL ART

**PRIZE:** A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, cartooning or illustrating—plus a professional drawing outfit and valuable art textbooks.

*Trained artists in demand.* Try for this free art course! You're trained by professional artists. You get individual coaching, personal guidance, step-by-step instruction.

Free scholarship is offered by world's largest home study art school, founded over 40 years ago. Many of its graduates are successful artists today. The same training they received is now free as a prize! Here's all you have to do:

Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings for September 1956 contest must be received by September 30. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today.

Do you like to draw, sketch or paint? You may have more talent than you suspect. With training, it's possible you could build a fascinating and profitable career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning.

I urge you to try for this **FREE ART SCHOLARSHIP**. You just make a simple sketch of the "Draw Me" girl. Over a million individuals have drawn this girl. Many successful artists today got their start just this way.

*H. J. Sturdivant*

Well known for his paintings of wild animals—and for his African safaris with paint brush and camera. Director of Education for the art school, Art Instruction, Inc.



USE 1 COUPON—  
THEN PASS THIS  
PAGE ON TO A FRIEND

### ③ ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 8906 500 South 4th St. • Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.  
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

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G.I. COMBAT

# The MARCH OF DOOM



"IT'S RED PARATROOPS!  
THEY'RE COMIN' DOWN LIKE  
A BLIZZARD! WE'LL BE WIPED  
OUT WITHOUT A TRACE!"

NO! WE'VE GOT ONE  
FRIEND...AND ONE CHANCE  
...IF WE WORK FAST ENOUGH!  
I'M BEGGING YOU, SARGE!  
LISTEN TO ME THIS ONCE!

OKAY, EMMETT! WE'LL TAKE  
A CHANCE BECAUSE THERE'S  
NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO! LISTEN  
TO EMMETT, YOU GUYS! HE'S  
IN CHARGE NOW...HEAVEN  
HELP US!

**D**RIFTING MENACINGLY THROUGH SPACE CAME THE HUMAN SNOW STORM, BEARING A MESSAGE OF ANNIHILATION FOR THOSE WHO STOOD BELOW AND WATCHED HELPLESSLY! CLEARLY THE RED INTENT WAS TO WIPE OUT THE SMALL FORCE OF G.I.'S! WHAT TO DO? HOW TO FIGHT BACK? NOBODY BUT JIM EMMETT KNEW...AND EVEN HE WASN'T SURE!

ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES OF THE ARCTIC STRETCHES AMERICA'S CONTINENTAL RADAR DEFENSE...



THIS RADAR CHAIN IS INTENDED TO GIVE THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE WARNING OF ANY ENEMY AIR ATTACK FROM THE NORTH!



NATURALLY, THESE INSTALLATIONS JUST DON'T SPRING OUT OF THE TUNDRA! THEY ARE BUILT BY MEN... ARMY MEN!



OKAY! BEGIN DISGORGING!  
BACK UP THE TRUCK!

THE INSTALLATIONS ARE BUILT AT ENORMOUS COST, WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY.... INVOLVING MANY RISKS!

WAIT, MEN! THIS ICE WON'T BEAR OUR WEIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO PICK ANOTHER SITE!



TO ADD TO THE DIFFICULTIES, THE NORTH AMERICAN MAINLAND IS WITHIN DESTRUCTIVE REACH OF THE KREMLIN! AS EAGER AS UNCLE SAM IS TO BUILD THE CHAIN, THE REDS ARE AS EAGER TO SABOTAGE IT!



DA! THIS WILL GIVE THE  
AMERICAN RADAR SCREENS  
A JOLT!

WHATEVER THE AMERICANS PUT UP BY DAY, WE DESTROY BY NIGHT! THE FOOLS WILL GET NOWHERE WITH THEIR RADAR DEFENSE! THEY WILL NEVER COMPLETE IT!



THUS, U.S. PATROLS ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE ALERT FOR DIRTY WORK! ONE COLD AFTERNOON IN MARCH 1955, TWO PLATOONS LEFT YAKSA BASE ON THEIR TOUR OF DUTY...



WOW, IT'S COLD! M-MY BREATH  
KEEPS TURNIN' INTO ICICLES!



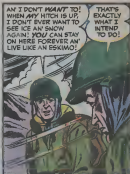
DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE WEATHER, SIMPSON! THE WEATHER IS YOUR FRIEND!

HERE WE GO AGAIN, EMMETT, THE HUMAN ICE CUBE IS SOUNDIN' OFF ABOUT THE BEAUTIES OF THE ARCTIC!



LOOK, EMMETT! I DON'T LIKE NORTH WIND, NORTH POLES OR NORTH ANYTHIN'-ELSE- YOU- CAN MENTION! I HATE THE NORTH...

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE NORTH, SIMPSON!



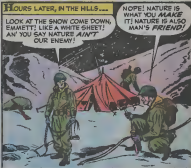
AN I DON'T WANT TO! WHEN MY HITCH IS UP, I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE ICE AN' SNOW AGAIN! YOU CAN STAY ON HERE FOREVER AN' LIVE LIKE AN ESKIMO!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO!



I'VE LIVED IN ALASKA ALL MY LIFE! I KNOW THE TUNDRA LIKE A FARMER KNOWS HIS FIELDS! THERE'S BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR HERE... ONLY YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE EYES TO SEE IT!

MY EYE! KEEP IT ALL, EMMETT! IT'S YOURS... INCLUDIN' THE REDS WHO STALK AROUND IT!



HOURS LATER, IN THE HILLS...

LOOK AT THE SNOW COME DOWN, EMMETT! LIKE A WHITE SHEET! AN' YOU SAY NATURE AIN'T OUR ENEMY!

NOPE! NATURE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT! NATURE IS ALSO MAN'S FRIEND!



LATER THAT DAY... AGAIN WITH YOUR POETRY OF THE NORTH-LAND! KNOCK IT OFF, EMMETT! GET BUSY PUTTIN' A TENT OVER THE EQUIPMENT!

YES, SERGEANT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

LOOK AT IT PILE UP! PRETTY SOON THE SNOW'LL BE OVER OUR HEADS!

NO, IT WON'T, SIMPSON! THIS BLIZZARD'LL LET UP IN AN HOUR!

YOU BUG ME, EMMETT! HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH?

I CAN TELL YOU, SARGE! EMMETT'S NOT REALLY NOT EMMETT! HE'S THAT MYTHICAL GOD OF THE NORTH HE'S ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT! BOREAS! BOREAS KNOWS ALL!

GO AHEAD! KID ME! I KNOW THE NORTHLAND AND I'M NOT ASHAMED OF IT!

I DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ESKIMO OR A GREEK GOD TO UNDERSTAND NATURE! IT'LL STOP SNOWING IN AN HOUR!... AND THAT'S THAT!



AN HOUR LATER....

DARNED IF THE GREAT GOD BOREAS WASN'T RIGHT! THE BLIZZARD'S STOPPED! NOT A SNOW-FLAKE'S COMIN' DOWN!

IT'S A FLUKE, SIMPSON! EMMETT MADE A LUCKY GUESS! C'WON! WE'VE GOT A BEAT TO TAKE CARE OF!

I'M NEW IN THIS PLATOON, SERGEANT MORTON! WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR

REDS! REPAIR WORK ON THE RADAR CHAIN! NEW RADAR SITES! AN' STAYIN' ALIVE IN THIS BLASTED WASTELAND!

SHORTLY AFTER....

HEY, SARGE! I HEAR PLANES!

DON'T BE CRAZY, BARROWS! YOU'RE HEARIN' WIND IN YOUR EARS!



NO, SARGE! THERE'S NO WIND NOW! IT'S DIED DOWN! I HEAR PLANES! COMIN' IN LOW!

THEN YOU'RE ALL CRAZY! KEEP MARCHIN'!



NO, SARGE! NO! LOOK!

HMM, ALL RIGHT! SO THERE'RE PLANES! THEY'RE PROBABLY OUR PLANES!







LISTEN TO WHAT? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

THE SNOW! THE ICE! THE TERRAIN! NOBODY KNOWS IT LIKE I KNOW IT! I CAN MAKE NATURE WORK FOR US, SARGE!



THAT NATURE STUFF AGAIN? DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SARGE! EMMETT'S STARK RAVIN' MAD!

I DON'T KNOW, SIMPSON! I'M LOOKING AT THOSE REDS COMIN' DOWN... AN' IT'S LIKE LOOKIN' OUR FINISH IN THE FACE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP 'EM! NOT A HORDE LIKE THAT!



WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO! IF EMMETT HAS AN ANSWER, WE NEED IT! LISTEN TO EMMETT, YOU GUYS! HE'S IN CHARGE NOW!

THANKS, SARGE! C'MON, MEN! ON THE DOUBLE! INTO THE HILLS! FOLLOW MY TRACKS!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE HILLS...

THEY'RE CLOSIN' THE GAP! WHAT'RE WE CRAWLIN' AT A SNAIL'S PACE FOR? IF YOU'RE LEADIN' US... LEAD!



WAIT! C-COME BACK, YOU FOOL!

THERE'S A CREVICE AHEAD!



H-HOLY JUMPIN'!

THAT'S WHY WE WENT SLOWLY! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWING THAT RIFLE DOWN, SIMPSON! THERE'S TWENTY FEET MORE OF THAT PAPER-THIN ICE CRUST AHEAD! THIS WAY, QUICK!



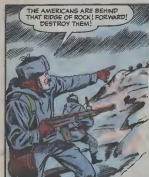
Y-YEAH, EMMETT! RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

SHOW YOURSELVES! WE MIGHT CATCH A BUNCH OF COMMIES!



H-HERE THEY COME!

G.I. COMBAT



THE AMERICANS ARE BEHIND THAT RIDGE OF ROCK! FORWARD! DESTROY THEM!



W-WAIT!

THE GROUND G-GIVES WAY!



YIIIIII!



THEY'RE SHOCKED! THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!



T-THEY'RE FALLIN' BACK! ALL OF 'EM!

ONLY FOR A MINUTE, SIMPSON! WHEN THEY FIGURE OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM, THEY'LL BE MADDER THAN EVER! C'MON! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA!



SHORTLY AFTER....

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT ONE THING, EMMETT! YOU'RE BEGINNING TO IMPRESS ME!

DON'T CREDIT ME, SIMPSON! CREDIT THE NORTHLAND! IF YOU TREAT IT LIKE A FRIEND, IT'LL ACT LIKE A FRIEND! I KNOW THIS TERRITORY LIKE A DOG KNOWS ITS KENNEL!



WHAT WE CAN'T DO WITH GUNS, WE'LL DO WITH OUR HEADS! CUT A HOLE TWO BY TWO RIGHT HERE! RIGHT THROUGH THE ICE!

W-WHAT FOR?

DON'T ASK WHAT FOR? DO WHAT EMMETT SAYS!

AFTER THE BOYS CUT THROUGH TO THE WATER, SARGE, I WANT 'EM TO CUT ANOTHER HOLE 300 FEET DUE NORTH: THAT'LL BE MY ESCAPE HATCH FROM UNDER THE ICE!

U-UNDER THE ICE? YOU GOIN' UNDER THE ICE?

RIGHT! I'M SOWING THESE MINES UNDER IT! WHEN THE REDS PASS OVER, I'LL TOUCH THE MINES OFF!

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY, EMMETT! PLUMS CRAZY!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, AS THE FURIOUS REDS THUNDERED ONTO THE ICE!

I'M IN LUCK! THE COMMIES DON'T SPOT MY METAL TUBE SNORKEL! NOW IF SGT MORTON DOES HIS PART AND KEEPS THOSE REDS PINNED DOWN ON THE ICE!

I- I'VE GOT TO ASSUME THE REDS ARE STYMIED! I CAN'T STAY UNDER ANY LONGER! MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING!

KEEP FIRIN'! EMMETT'LL BE COMIN' UP ANY SECOND! I DON'T WANT RED BOOTS ON HIS NECK WHEN HE DOES!

THERE HE IS! CEASE FIRE! CEASE FIRE!

SARGE! WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR? TAKE OFF! IT'S GOING TO BLOW!

BARROOM!! BARROOM!!





I-I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, EMMETT! BUT YOU SURE DELIVERED A SUNDAY PUNCH! WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE ROPES!

NO! THEY'RE NOT OUT YET! WHOEVER'S LEFT WILL SK RT THE LAKE AND CONTINUE THE CHASE! I'VE GOT **ANOTHER** PLAN! KEEP CLIMBING!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HIGHER UP...

HERE THEY COME, EMMETT! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE READY TO TEAR US APART!

TOO **BAD** ABOUT 'EM, SARGE! THEY CAME HERE ON A MURDER MISSION!



THEY PARACHUTED ENOUGH REDS TO MAKE UP TWENTY SABOTAGE TEAMS! WHAT THEY **CAME** FOR AND WHAT THEY'LL **GET** ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS! LET 'ER **BLOW!**



T-THE MOUNTAIN! T-THEY BLEW IT UP!

IT'S AN AVALANCHE! RUN! RUN!



YAAAAAA!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE REMAINING REDS SURRENDERED...

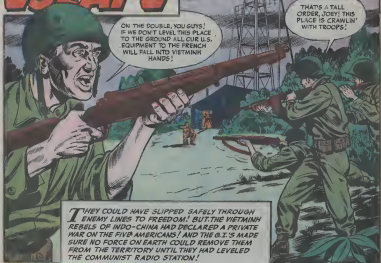
EMMETT, I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID! WITHOUT YOU AND YOUR SNOW WE'D BE UNDER IT, NOT OVER IT!

SIMPSON'S RIGHT, EMMETT! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S BEEN MORE WONDERFUL --- YOU OR NATURE! BUT THANKS TO BOTH OF YOU, THE **REDS** MARCHED TO THEIR DOOM, NOT US!



G.I. COMBAT

# SCORCHED-EARTH ESCAPE



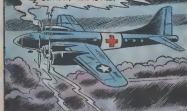
ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS!  
IF WE DON'T LEVEL THIS PLACE  
TO THE GROUND ALL OUR U.S.  
EQUIPMENT TO THE FRENCH  
WILL FALL INTO VIETMINH  
HANDS!

THAT'S A TALL  
ORDER, JOEY! THIS  
PLACE IS CRAWLIN'  
WITH TROOPS!

**T**HEY COULD HAVE SLIPPED SAFELY THROUGH  
ENEMY LINES TO FREEDOM! BUT THE VIETMINH  
REBELS OF INDO-CHINA HAD DECLARED A PRIVATE  
WAR ON THE FIVE AMERICANS! AND THE G.I.'S MADE  
SURE NO FORCE ON EARTH COULD REMOVE THEM  
FROM THE TERRITORY UNTIL THEY HAD LEVELED  
THE COMMUNIST RADIO STATION!

**O**VER THE SOUTH CHINA SEA A LONE U.S. ARMY TRANS-  
PORT BATTERS ITS WAY THROUGH A VIOLENT STORM  
TOWARD THE COAST OF INDO-CHINA!

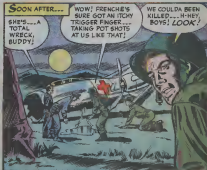
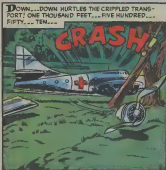
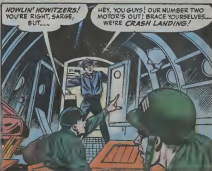
BLUEJAY TO MANILA....(BLUEJAY TO MANILA!  
STORM INTERFERING WITH YOUR SIGNAL! AM  
SWITCHING OVER TO SAIGON FOR RADIO  
BEAM IN! THAT IS ALL!



HOW'S SAIGON  
COMING IN,  
HARRY?

CLEAR AS A BELL, BUDDY.... A  
GOOD STRONG SIGNAL! WHY DON'T  
YOU GO BACK AND SEE HOW THE  
BOYS ARE DOING?

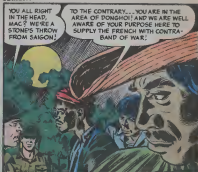




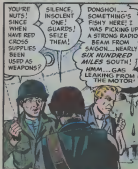




RAISE YOUR HANDS, AMERICANS! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST! ALL FOREIGNER FOUND IN INDO-CHINA ARE CONSIDERED SPIES!



TO THE CONTRARY... YOU ARE IN THE AREA OF DONGHOI! AND WE ARE WELL AWARE OF YOUR PURPOSE HERE TO SUPPLY THE FRENCH WITH CONTRA-BAND OF WAR!



HEY, HARRY...  
WHERE YOU  
GOING?

OUR RADIO EQUIPMENT IS  
STILL INTACT! I'M GOING TO  
RIG UP AN APPARATUS AND  
TRACK DOWN THAT POWERFUL  
BEAM WE WERE PICKING UP  
BEFORE WE CRASHED!



HOURS LATER, AS THE LOST G.I.'S SNAKE THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

WE MUST BE GETTIN' MIGHTY  
CLOSE TO THAT SENDIN' STATION!  
EVEN I CAN HEAR THE SIGNAL  
FROM THOSE EAR PHONES  
NOW!

YEAH... WE'RE PRACTICALLY  
ON TOP OF IT! AND I GOT NEWS  
FOR YOU, BOYS... THIS /SAV'Y  
'SAIGON!



THEN, AT THE RISE OF A HILL...

WELL, I'LL BE...  
WHAT ARE THE  
REDS' BUILDIN' A  
RADIO STATION  
WAY OUT HERE  
FOR?

I THINK I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
CATCH ON!

CUT THE CHATTER  
AND TAKE COVER!  
THIS PLACE IS  
GUARDED LIKE FORT  
KNOX!



WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, HARRY?  
WHAT'S THEIR  
ANGLE?

THE RESS ARE JAMMING OUT  
THE SAIGON RADIO BEAM AND  
SUBSTITUTING ONE OF THEIR OWN  
TO LURE OUR PLANES INTO THEIR  
HANDS! WE MUST HAVE BEEN  
THEIR FIRST CATCH!



GOSH... THEY  
COULD SURE  
CAPTURE A  
PILE OF OUR  
EQUIPMENT  
FROM ALL  
THOSE  
TRANSPORTS  
HEADED FOR  
THE FRENCH  
IN SAIGON!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
JOEY! FROM  
THE LOOKS  
OF THINGS,  
MEN, WE'VE  
BEEN DRAWN  
INTO A LITTLE  
PRIVATE WAR  
OF OUR OWN!  
SHALL WE  
ACCEPT?

IF IT'S A  
FIGHT THAT  
THEY WANT  
THEY CAME  
TO THE  
RIGHT PEOPLE!  
KEEP  
TALKIN',  
HARRY!

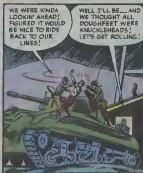
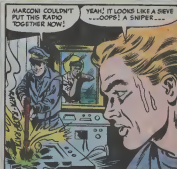
IT WOULD TAKE THEM A YEAR  
TO REPLACE EQUIPMENT LIKE  
THAT! MY IDEA IS TO MOVE IN  
FAST... COMMANDO STYLE...  
AND BLAST THE STATION TO  
OBIVION! OF COURSE, THE  
CHANCES OF ESCAPING...

WE'LL WORRY 'BOUT  
THAT WHEN THE TIME  
COMES, HARRY!



THAT EVENING, AS DARKNESS  
SETTLES OVER THE TERRITORY FIVE  
FIGURES SLIP FROM THE JUNGLE AND...







**A MOMENT LATER, THE GREAT ENEMY TANK LURCHES FORWARD WITH ITS G.I. CREW!**

H-HEY, SARGE... YOU SURE THIS CONTRAFION IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB?

I WASN'T IN THE TANK CORPS FOR SEVEN YEARS FOR CHUCKLES. BRACE YOURSELVES... THIS ISN'T GONNA BE A LOVE PAT!



YAHOO! BY THE TIME THEY CAN PUT TOGETHER ANOTHER RADIO TOWER THE FRENCHES WILL HAVE THIS WAR IN THE BAG!

NICE GOING, SARGE!

THANKS! I EYED A HEAP OF JERRY CANS AT THE END OF THE FIELD! WE'LL NEED EVERY DROP OF GAS IN 'EM TO PUSH THIS THING FIVE HUNDRED MILES!



**DAYS LATER, AS THE ENEMY TANK WITH ITS INCREDIBLE CREW ROLLS SOUTHWARD...**

HI YI!

HOW! ABOUT THAT! THESE CHARACTERS THINK WE'RE ON THEIR TEAM 'CAUSE OF THE MARKINGS ON THE TANK! HEY...



...WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE REACH THE FRENCH LINES! THEY'LL BLAST THIS TIN CAN APART WHEN THEY SEE THE VIETMINH EMBLEM!

YEAH... AND IF WE ABANDON THE TANK THESE JOKERS WILL CUT US DOWN!

I THINK I GOT THE ANSWER, BOYS! JOEY'S STILL WEARIN' HIS WINTER UNIFORM!



**AT THE LINE FRENCH TROOPS RUB THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF AS A TANK BRANDISHING A STRANGE OBJECT THUNDERS TOWARD THEM!**

**HOLD YOUR FIRE!**



AH... SET IS OUR FRIENDS... ZE CRAZE AMERICANS!

JOEY, BOY... I'LL NEVER NEEDLE YA 'BOUT THOSE LONG-JOHN'S AGAIN!

STOP SLABBERIN' AND GET ME ANOTHER PAIR, SARGE! I'M NEAR FROZEN TO DEATH IN THIS NIGHT AIR! BRRR!



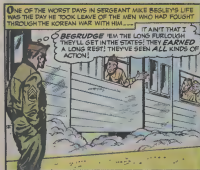
G.I. COMBAT

# Invasion Boomerang



OKAY, YOU SONS OF EVIL! COME AN' GET ME! WIPE ME OUT! I'M WAITIN'... WITH A GRENADE IN EACH HAND!

**T**HERE WAS RAGE IN SERGEANT BEGLEY'S HEART! IN TRYING TO SAVE THE LIVES OF HIS GREEN KIDS, HE'D ONLY SUCCEEDED IN SEALING THEIR DOOM! ENRAGED TO THE POINT OF GOING BERSEK, BEGLEY CHARGED THE RED INVASION FORCE, SEEKING REVENGE FOR THE DESTRUCTION THE REDS HAD SO CRUELLY WREAKED ON HIM AND HIS!



ONE OF THE WORST DAYS IN SERGEANT MIKE BEGLEY'S LIFE WAS THE DAY HE TOOK LEAVE OF THE MEN WHO HAD FOUGHT THROUGH THE KOREAN WAR WITH HIM...

IT AIN'T THAT I BEGRUDGE 'EM THE LONG FURLOUGH THEY'LL GET IN THE STATES; THEY EARNED A LONG REST! THEY'VE SEEN ALL KINDS OF ACTION!



BUT I'LL MISS 'EM! MISS 'EM LIKE CRAZY! NO SERGEANT EVER HAD A FINEER PLATOON!

SO LONG, SARGE! WRITE TO US! WE'LL WRITE TO YOU!

# G.I. COMBAT

NOW I'VE GOT TO START ALL OVER AGAIN...TRAINING A **NEW** PLATOON OF KIDS! GREEN KIDS! FRESH FROM THE DRAFT BOARD! I GET THE **WALLIES** WHEN I THINK OF IT!



NOT THAT I FEEL CONTEMPT FOR ROOKIES! ANYHIN' **BUT!** IT'S JUST THAT GREEN KIDS ARE LIKE A FLOCK OF INNOCENT SHEEP YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF. YOU BECOME A SHEPHERD INSTEAD OF A SERGEANT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY A RUNETHAL, A U.S. DEFENSE BASE IN WEST GERMANY...

LET'S BE HONEST, BOYS! YOU KNOW **NOTHIN'** ABOUT THE WAR! NOTHIN' ABOUT **SOLDIERIN'!** MAYBE YOU GOT THE **WILL**, BUT YOU AIN'T GOT THE EXPERIENCE!



THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO BRING OUT! **NOTHIN'** TAKES THE PLACE OF EXPERIENCE! UNTIL YOU **GET** EXPERIENCE, YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME AN' DO EVERYTHIN' I SAY! WITH **NO** EXCEPTIONS!



AND SO SERGEANT BEGLEY BEGAN THE PAINFUL PROCESS OF TAKING THE "GREEN" OUT OF HIS GREEN KIDS!

DONEGAN, YOU'RE SLOW AS MOLASSES! LEWIS! YOU'RE TANGLED UP IN YOUR OWN FEET! NO, NO, MAXWELL! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL **WRONG!**



IT WAS NO EASY JOB TURNING HIS CHARGES INTO A CRACK GROUP...

GET DOWN, LAURO! RUN IN A CROUCH! SIMMONS HUG THE GROUND! WESTON, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE BLOCKIN' THE FIRE OF YOUR OWN BUDDIES! YOU'D HAVE YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF IN COMBAT!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, ON THE DRILL GROUNDS OF RUNETHAL...

YOU'VE BEEN DRILLING THE HIDE OFF THESE BOYS, BEGLEY! HOW'RE THEY PROGRESSING?

IT'S A GOOD THING WE AIN'T FIGHTIN' A WAR!



BUT WE'RE NOT FIGHTING A WAR, BEGLEY! WE'RE JUST A PEACE-TIME DEFENSE ARMY! OUR STANDARDS DON'T HAVE TO BE SO HIGH!

YOU TELL THAT TO THE REDS! I AIN'T FOOLED BY THIS COLD WAR BALONEY! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THE REDS VIOLATE THE WEST GERMAN BORDER EVERY NIGHT!

WHAT AN' IF THEM COMMIE BUZZARDS COME AROUND LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, I AIN'T ANSWERIN' THEIR GUNFIRE WITH EXCUSES ABOUT US BEIN' AN UNTRAINED, CIVILIAN ARMY! ANY PLATOON OF MINE WILL LEARN HOW TO FIGHT... PERIOD!

OF COURSE, I'LL KEEP 'EM OUT OF TROUBLE TILL THEY'RE READY! ANY RED ATTACK'D CUT THESE INEXPERIENCED KIDS TO RIBBONS! I AIN'T GOIN' TO PERMIT THAT! NOSIR!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AS BEGLEY CONDUCTED HIS PLATOON ALONG THE BORDER TO FAMILIARIZE THEM WITH BORDER DEFENSES...

THESE HERE ARE THE MARKERS THAT DIVIDE EAST GERMANY FROM WEST GERMANY! MAKE SURE YOU STAY ON THE WEST SIDE! STEP EAST BY ONE INCH AN' THEY'LL SCREAM INVASION!



HMMM... SOMETHING'S WROONG HERE! THESE MARKERS AREN'T IN THE RIGHT PLACES! THEY DON'T CONFORM WITH THE TERRAIN!

DON'T BE SILLY, SARGE! THE MARKERS COULD NOT CHANGE THEMSELVES!



I DIDN'T SAY THAT! I ONLY SAY THIS ISN'T WEST GERMANY! I NEVER SAID THOSE TREES OR RIDGES ON OUR SIDE OF THE BORDER!



SUDDENLY...

ATTACK! WIPE THEM OUT!





R-REDS!

I-I TOLD YOU SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG!  
THE REDS SECRETLY MOVED THE  
MARKERS INTO THEIR OWN TERRITORY SO  
THAT OUR PATROLS WOULD ACCIDENTALLY  
WANDER INTO EAST GERMAN TERRITORY!

I KNOW THEIR THINKIN'! THE REDS WANT AN  
EXCUSE TO STAGE A RETALIATORY INVASION  
...ON THE EXCUSE THAT WE FIRST INVADED  
THEM!...GET DOWN! MAKE YOURSELVES  
A TOUGH TARGET!

B-BUT  
WHAT  
CAN THEY  
GAIN!

PLENTY! THEY CAN KNOCK  
OUT VALUABLE WEST  
GERMAN DEFENSE INSTAL-  
LATIONS AN' SET BACK  
OUR DEFENSE PLANS FOR  
MANY MONTHS!

THEY'LL DO IT ON THE EXCUSE  
THAT THEY CHASED US BACK IN  
RIGHTBOUS RAGE! BLAST THEIR  
HIDES! WE'LL SHOW 'EM! UP  
AN' AT 'EM!

YOU KIDS AIN'T ANY MORE FIT FOR A  
CHARGE THROUGH THEIR WEAK FLANK  
THAN YOU ARE FOR LYIN' ON THE  
GROUND AN' TRYIN' TO BEAT 'EM OFF!  
BUT AT LEAST TWAS WAY THEY CAN'T  
SNEAK UP BEHIND US!

YIIIIIIII!

T-THEY'RE BREAKIN' RANKS! THEY'RE  
RUNNIN' LIKE RABBITS! THEY DIDN'T  
EXPECT THIS ATTACK!

THEY WANT TO CATCH THEIR SECOND  
WIND! THEY'LL ATTACK IN **STRONGER**  
FORCE IN A FEW SECONDS!

LET 'EM COME,  
SARGE! WE'LL DIG  
IN ALONG THAT  
RIDGE!



G.I. COMBAT

MINUTES LATER, AS THE ENEMY WAS SENT REELING BACKWARDS....



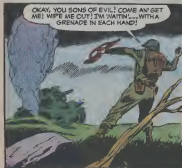
I CAN MAKE THE POST MY-SELF! I CAN EVEN CATCH UP WITH THE KIDS!



BUT FIVE MINUTES LATER, AS BGGLEY STREAKED TOWARD THE REAR....



THEY MUST'VE MADE A W-WIDE FLANKIN' INVASION! T-THEY AMBUSHED MY KIDS! MY GREEN KIDS! IN TRYIN' TO SAVE THEIR LIVES, I SENT 'EM TO THEIR DOOM!



BUT FOR ALL HIS RAGE, FOR ALL HIS BRAVERY, FOR ALL THE DAMAGE HE DID, THE TANKS WERE TOO MUCH FOR BEGLEY!

I'M OUT OF GRENADES! I'M DONE FOR!



THEY'VE GOT ME! I HAVEN'T GOT A C-CHANCE NOW!



SUDDENLY... JUST WHEN BEGLEY SAVE HIMSELF UP FOR LOST...

THE TANKS! THEY'RE EXPLODIN'!



I'M SEEN' THINGS!



M-MY KIDS! MY GREEN KIDS! THEY'RE ALIVE! THEY'RE MAKIN' HASH OUT OF THEM TANKS! THEY MUST'VE TAKEN COVER ON ENCOUNTERN' 'EM!



RELAX, SARGE! WE GOT THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

AN'I WAS WORRIED ABOUT THEM! I TREP TO SAVE THEIR NECKS!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE POST...

BEGLEY! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD US YOUR KIDS COULDN'T FIGHT!

I THOUGHT A LOT OF THINGS THAT WERE WRONG! I THOUGHT I HAD TO PLAY PAPA TO A PACK OF KIDS! LET ME TELL YOU! THEY NOT ONLY CAN TAKE CARE OF 'POPS... BUT UNCLE SAM AS WELL!





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# Treachery In Korea

"AD" DUNN was not the most popular fellow in the barracks. Cappy's unit was stationed in South Korea . . . one of several U.S. forces whose job it was to see that the Communists of North Korea didn't go on another invasion rampage.

For the most part, barracks life was like all barracks life anywhere. It was dull and boring. At least the patrols took one into the open air. There was always the chance of picking up a battle with border runners from the Soviet zone. Not a day passed but that Red spies, Red black marketeers and Red sabotage squads attempted to pierce the border guard.

But in the barracks life was dull. One day he had a brainstorm. All his life he had suffered from one unrequited ambition. Cappy wanted to learn how to play the trumpet. The jazz trumpet. But somehow, between one thing and another, the necessity to work or fight wars, prevented Cappy from doing anything about his ambition. Then the day came when he read an ad in a magazine about how easy it was to learn how to play the trumpet from a correspondence course. In no time flat Cappy had ordered a trumpet and six months' worth of musical instructions. Then the trouble began.

The American soldier is a broad-minded fellow . . . and a tolerant one. But even the most tolerant G.I. in Cappy Dunn's barracks was soon screaming his complaints to the high heavens over Cappy's trumpet lessons. For so great was Cappy's enthusiasm and so rapidly did he advance in his lessons that his every available moment was given over to his great passion. With the result that the barracks building was constantly rocking with his trumpeting. "Cut it out for once!" complained Bill Gregg, one of Cappy's platoon members.

"That's right!" chimed in Joe Mason, another buddy. "Give our ears a rest! All day long we hear nothin' but that danged trumpet! Enough already!" But Cappy went on as if he heard nothing. This is why Cappy became so unpopular.

One evening Cappy was patrolling the Tahai sector of the border with half his company. There were six men with Cappy . . . all of them acting like a scouting party. Cappy walked alone . . . and in silence. But he was used to it by now.

He was walking somewhat apart from the others when a sudden burst of machine gun fire ripped the foliage from the tree alongside him. By instinct, Cappy flung himself forward, full length, on the ground. The other six G.I.'s followed suit. A large party of Reds rose from a distant line of thickets and raced forward, firing. "R-REDS!" shrieked Joe Mason. The seven of them needed no instructions. They fired away like madmen, but still the Reds came on. If they remained there, they were doomed. Cappy rose to his feet. "Follow me!" he yelled.

Despite their hard feelings about Cappy's trumpet lessons, the others knew enough about Cappy to realize that when Cappy had something on his mind, it was for a good reason. They rose quickly and followed him. A hail of bullets kept them company, but fortunately, no bullet found a mark. Soon the seven of them had put a hundred yards of timber and undergrowth between them and the Reds. "There's a cave here!" hissed Cappy. "I remember it from a patrol I was on a week ago!" They followed Cappy into the dank darkness, and remained there as they heard the Reds passing by.

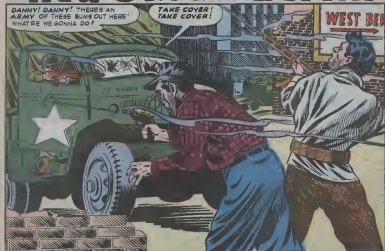
They were safe, for the time being. But to Cappy's horror, he saw a huge force of Reds arranging themselves, fanning out, beyond the cave. It was clear what the Reds were waiting for. They were obviously expecting Cappy's company . . . and were preparing a disaster for them. Apparently, Red spy sources had learned of the company movements . . . and had crossed the border to deliver a sneak blow against the Americans. If the seven of them remained there . . . without any possibility of warning the oncoming company, the latter would be massacred! For five minutes the seven G.I.'s whispered among themselves, torn and undecided about what to do. They could never, physically, crash through the Red ambush force. Suddenly Cappy caught sight of a Red moving in the brush nearby. It took him one instant to make up his mind . . . and one instant more to reach the Red. With a muffled cry the Red went down. Grimly, Cappy tore something from the fallen Commie's hand . . . and put it to his lips. The twilight air was rent with the sound of a trumpet blasting out a jazz tune. The six G.I.'s in the cave were paralyzed with horror. "You know what li-he's playin'?" gasped Bill Gregg. "That jazz classic, *When the Saints Come Marchin' In!*"

Suddenly Cappy switched off into another riff of hot trumpeting. "H-He's changed!" exclaimed Joe Mason. "Now he's playin' *Red Sox in the Sunset!* Do you GET it? Cappy saw a Red trumpeter out there gettin' ready to give the signal to attack. So Cappy JUMPED him . . . to blast out HIS signal to the company! *The Saints Marchin' In* stands for our boys . . . an' the *Red Sox in the Sunset* . . . that's the REDS waitin' for the company to march into an ambush! *Sunset* . . . that means EAST! The sun goes down in the East an' the company's marchin' EAST!"

The rest was company history. The enraged Reds attacked the seven G.I.'s who successfully held them at bay from the cave mouth. Then the company moved in and routed the ambushers. It was clear now to every man in the barracks that Cappy Dunn had earned the right to play his trumpet as long as he wanted to. It was sweet music to them now!

G.I. COMBAT

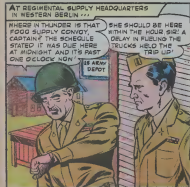
# THE Red Squad of Berlin



DANNY! DANNY! THERE'S AN ARMY OF THESE BUMS OUT HERE! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER!

THE NIGHT RAIDERS DROPPED DOWN FROM THE ROOF TOPS AND SUDDENLY THE PEACEFUL FOOD CONVOY DETAIL FOUND ITSELF ENSNARED IN BLOODY COMBAT! AND WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE LIFTED JUST THREE G.I.'S REMAINED --- THREE MEN WHO MUST BREAK THE BACK OF THE RED ATTACKERS AND SALVAGE THE VITAL FOOD SUPPLIES!



AT REGIMENTAL SUPPLY HEADQUARTERS IN WESTERN BERLIN ...

WHERE IN THUNDER IS THAT FOOD SUPPLY CONVOY, CAPTAIN? THE SCHEDULE STATED IT WAS DUE HERE AT MIDNIGHT AND IT'S PAST ONE O'CLOCK NOW!

SHE SHOULD BE HERE WITHIN THE HOUR, SIR! A DELAY IN FUELING THE TRUCKS HELD THE TRIP UP!

IS ARMY DEPOT



GOOD! IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT WE LIVE UP TO OUR AGREEMENT TO DISTRIBUTE THAT FOOD TONNAGE TO THE CITIZENS FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THE REDS ARE BREAKING THEIR NECKS TO MAKE US LOOK LIKE LIARS TO THE GERMAN POPULACE!

YES, SIR!

MEANWHILE, OPERATION 'CHOW-UP' WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH WESTERN BERLIN FROM THE WAREHOUSE TO THE DISTRIBUTION CENTER ...

BOY, THIS IS THE LAUGH OF THE YEAR! HERE I AM HALF STARVED AND SITTING ON TOP OF EIGHT TRUCK LOADS OF CHOW!

SO, I'M HUNGRY, TOO! STOP THE GRINS!



DOWN THE WEST BERLIN STREETS HEADS THE FOOD CONVOY ...

RAIN AND MUCK! RAIN AND MUCK! NOW, IF I WAS BACK IN 'FRISCO I'D BE HAVING ME A NICE LUNCH ON THE BEACH WITH SOME DE-LIGHTFUL CHICK!

AW, SHUT UP, PETE!



MEANWHILE, AHEAD OF THE CONVOY...

TRUCKS COMING!  
READY!

READY!

READY!



ABRUPTLY, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!



WHAT GIVES, DANNY?



COMMIES! THEY'RE TRYING TO SCUTTLE US!

YIPES!



GOT 'IM, DANNY! THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH REDS!





IT'S A FULL SCALE ASSAULT! JEEPS!  
WE HAVEN'T THE FIREPOWER TO  
BUCK ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

TAKE  
COVER!



HEY, MUD HEADS!  
OVER HERE!

Y-YEAH, BOYS! LET'S  
HIT IT, DANNY!

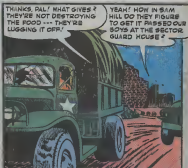


TA MANGY RED BUMS!  
HIT IT, BOYS!



THANKS, PAL! WHAT GIVES?  
THEY'RE NOT DESTROYING  
THE FOOD --- THEY'RE  
LUGGING IT OFF!

YEAH! HOW IN SAM  
HILL DO THEY FIGURE  
TO GET IT PASSED OUR  
BOYS AT THE SECTOR  
GUARD HOUSE?



WELL, I'LL  
GET ME  
AS MANY  
AS I  
CAN!

HOLD IT! SHOOTING UP  
A COUPLE MORE OF  
THOSE APES ISN'T  
GOING TO SAVE THE  
SHOW! WE'VE GOTTA  
USE OUR HEADS ...



DON'T YOU SEE! THEY MUST HAVE  
SOME TERRIFIC ANGLE TO  
SMUGGLE THIS STUFF  
OVER TO THE EASTERN  
SECTOR --- NON IF WE  
WAS TO GO ALONG ---  
FIND OUT THEIR  
GIMMICK ---

DANNY  
BOY, YOU'VE  
GOT  
SOMETHING!  
LET'S GO!



EASTWARD THROUGH THE TRISTING BACK STREETS  
ROARS THE PIRATED FOOD CONVOY ---

SO SIMPLE! THE AMERICANS  
NEVER KNEW WHAT  
HIT THEM!

AND SOON THIS  
PRECIOUS FOOD WILL  
BE IN THE HANDS OF OUR  
COMRADES!



WHILE INSIDE THE LAST TRUCK ---

THEY'VE PULLED A REAL WING-DINGER  
ON US! NOT ONLY ARE THEY TRYING TO  
FORCE US TO BREAK A PROMISE ON  
THE FOOD DISTRIBUTION, BUT THEY  
WANT ALL THE GRUB FOR  
THEMSELVES!

SURE! AND  
ME STILL  
STARVED---



MINUTES AFTERWARD, THE CONVOY  
STRAKES INTO AN ABANDONED  
FACTORY AND ---

START UNLOADING! HURRY! THE  
TRUCKS MUST BE TAKEN OUT  
AND DISPOSED OF AT ONCE!



WHILE INSIDE ONE OF THE FOOD  
BOXES, G I PETE PANNING GAZES  
THROUGH A HOLE ---

GALLOPING HOT DOGS! THEY'RE  
RUNNING THE FOOD THROUGH A  
TUNNEL, CONVEYER BELT INTO THE  
EASTERN SECTOR! WHAT A STUNT!  
NOW! THEY COULD SMUGGLE  
ANYTHING THROUGH THERE---  
SPIES--- ANYTHING!



QUICKLY, THE FOOD STUFFS ARE  
UNLOADED AND STACKED ---

THEY'VE GOT  
PETE! THEY'RE  
GONNA SHOVE  
HIM ON THE  
CONVEYER  
BELT!

WHAT'LL WE DO?  
HE'LL END UP  
PACKAGED IN  
THE RED  
SECTOR!



THEN ---

YI-I-E! G.I. BOOT IN BOX!



GREAT CATS! THEY'RE  
GOING TO PEPPER  
THE BOX!

GOT TO GET 'EM  
FIRST!





**HURRY! DON'T WASTE FURTHER TIME!**



**BUT SUDDENLY---**

**HANG ON, GANG! I GOT ME A PLAY THING!**

**PETE! ALIVE!**

YEAH!



**HOW'D YA DO IT, PETE? JEEPS! I THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU WERE CHOPPED UP INSIDE THAT CARTON!**

**LEFT MY BOOT INSIDE THE BOX AND CUT MY WAY OUTA THE BACK, PAL! YANOG! LOOKIT THOSE GUYS SCATTER!**



**THEN AS THE SOUND OF GUN FIRE BRINGS REINFORCEMENTS TO THE BELEAGUERED TRIO---**

**TAKE CARE OF 'EM, BOYS! WE GOT A DEADLINE TO MEET--- THIS STUFF IS DUE AT THE FOOD DEPOT AT DAWN--- UNCLE SAM HAS A PROMISE TO KEEP!**

**YEAH! WE'LL NEED SOME MORE ORNERS! YOU GOT 'EM!**



**SHORTLY, OPERATION 'CHOW-UP' ROARS OUT OF THE RED HIDEOUT AND ---**

**LET'S HIT IT, DANNY! DON'T SPARE THE HORSEPOWER!**

**RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PETE!**



**FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER AT THE ARMY FOOD DEPOT---**

**PERHAPS... THE AMERICANS CAN- NOT FEED US! PERHAPS THEY JUST TRY TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP WITH STORES---**

**NO! NO! THERE ARE TRUCKS COMING NOW!**

**YES!**



**SO THAT'S ABOUT IT, MAJOR, WE TAGGED ALONG AND LOCATED THEIR SECRET UNDER- GROUND ENTRANCE INTO THE EASTERN SECTOR!**

**GREAT WORK, MEN! I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO PUT YOU FELLOWS UP FOR A CITATION!**

**MAJOR, PLEASE---THE CITATION LATER--- RIGHT NOW HOW ABOUT SOME---CHOW!**







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**Figure 1**

Streeter RFD.....

\_\_\_\_\_

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"Have you got this on your chest?" "No, no!" "Y. A. N. Y."

"What a wonderful part!" "Wonderful!" "Y. A. N. Y."

"My arm is so strong!" "Y. A. N. Y."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32011**  
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*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest, Shoulders
- ☐ Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist, Hips
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

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